

A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes

## Western

10¢  
NOV 73



**IN THIS ISSUE: THE SAGA OF THE BATTERING RAM**

FAWCETT COMICS WHEEL OF FORTUNE~

EVERY ONE A WINNER!

**Gabby Hayes**  
Western

**WESTERN HERO**

**ROCKY LANE**  
WESTERN

**WHIZ**  
COMICS

**Marvel Family**

**LASH LARUE**  
WESTERN

**TOM MIX**  
WESTERN

**Bill Boyd**  
WESTERN



**Captain Marvel**

**CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.**

**NYOKA**  
THE JUNGLE G

**Monte Hale**  
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**HOPALONG CASSIDY**

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ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



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THE VILLAINS START TO SKIP TOWN WITH THEIR LEGAL LOOT---AND GABBY GAMEDLY TRIES TO STOP THEM....

WE'LL BE SAFE OUT OF THE COUNTY BEFORE THE SHERIFF RETURNS!

HEY! STOP!

YUH CAN'T SET FOOT OUT OF TOWN WITH THAT STUFF! IF YUH DO MY GUN WILL START TALKING!

FASTER, RICK! AND AIM FOR ALL THE BUMPS! WE'LL GIVE THE OLD WADDIE A RIDE HE'LL NEVER FORGET!

HAW HAW! LET'S TAKE THE GLOWN ALONG FOR LAUGHS!

HALT, YUH ORNERY CROOKS!

BOOM!

PLOP!

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S FIRING A CANNON!

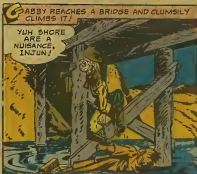
ZUNK!

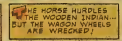
GOOD! THE INDIAN KNOCKED HIM OUT!

BONK!

GABBY AND HIS SILENT PARTNER ARE UNLOADED WHEN THEY REACH WOBBLY RIVER.....

THERE! THAT ENDS THE LOUDMOUTHED BUFFOON FOR GOOD!





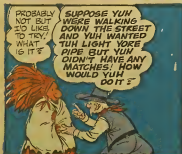
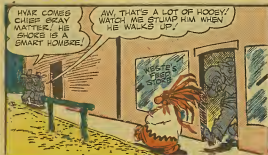




LATER, SLIM AND THE POSSE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.....



# CHIEF GRAY MATTER IS LIGHT HEARTED!



## COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS



CROWNING A NEW KING-  
OF THE GOLDEN WEST-

# BOB COLT



10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND !!! 10¢

# YOUNG FALCON

## in THE BROKEN WEAPONS

THREE CHEERS FOR YOUNG FALCON ---  
FINEST HUNTER OF ALL ! ONLY ONE AS  
BRAVE AND SKILLFUL AS YOURSELF  
WOULD SET OUT TOMORROW TO CROSS  
THE FOREST ALONE, FILLED AS IT IS  
WITH WOLF-PACKS!

Young Falcon, lone huntsman of the woods and renowned for his deeds, has been staying at the tribal camp of a friendly tribe ! The day before he is to leave for the forests, he is being hailed by his friends ! But there is one who bears Young Falcon nothing but hate---

TILL YOUNG FALCON CAME HERE, I  
WAS THE ADMURED ONE, THE ONE  
THEY CHEERED ! SO IT SHALL BE  
AGAIN ! I WILL TAKE CARE OF  
YOUNG FALCON TONIGHT !

THAT NIGHT, YOUNG FALCON  
SLUMBERS SOUNDLY ---

HE'S CHECKED HIS THINGS  
ALREADY SO HE CAN BE OFF IN  
THE MORNING WITHOUT DELAY !  
GOOD --- NOW MY PLAN IS  
ASSURED OF SUCCESS !

AND SO, THE NEXT DAY FINDS  
YOUNG FALCON DEEP IN THE  
DANGER-FILLED FOREST ---

THAT WOLF-PACK CERTAIN-  
LY KEEPS PACE WITH ME !  
MANY MILES I'VE COME, AND  
THEY FOLLOW  
STILL !

WATER ---

I'VE TRAVELED  
FAR AND NOW  
MUST REST ! THAT  
WOLF-PACK HAS  
MOVED CLOSER !  
I'LL GIVE ONE AN  
ARROW IN ITS  
HIDE ! THAT WILL  
SEND THE OTHERS  
BACK !

WHEN YOUNG FALCON PULLS BACK UPON HIS BOW, THERE IS A SHARP CRACK, AND---

MY BOW ---IT HAS SHATTERED LIKE A REED!! IT WAS THE STRONGEST BOW I EVER MADE!

CRACK!!

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT! BUT WAIT--- WHAT IS THIS? THIS PIECE APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN CUT AND THEN CLEVERLY PRESSED BACK IN PLACE!



THIS IS INDEED STRANGE! IT LEAVES ME NO CHOICE BUT TO WALK ON! ANYWAY, I HAVE MY TOMAHAWK AND MY FINE KNIFE, LEST THE WOLVES GROW TOO BOLD!

BUT THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE OF MY CATCHING ANY FOOD WITHOUT MY BOW, AND I CANNOT STOP TO FASHION A NEW ONE WITH THESE WOLVES AT MY HEELS! NO--- I MUST GO ON TILL I'M OUT OF THE FOREST, A LONG WAYS YET!



THROUGH THE NIGHT, YOUNG FALCON TRAVELS AND THE NEXT DAY FINDS HIM WEARY BUT EVER ALERT AS---



THE WOLF-PACK DRAWS MUCH TOO CLOSE! I WILL LET THE LEADER HAVE THE FORCE OF MY TOMAHAWK! THAT WILL TEACH THE REST I AM NO PREY FOR THEM!



WHAT IS THIS NOW? MY TOMAHAWK FLIES APART IN MID-AIR!! THE HEAD FLIES FROM THE HANDLE!



THE BINDING HAS BEEN HALF-CUT TO WEAKEN IT, AND THE HANDLE-TOP WHITTLED AWAY! IT WAS BEEN ON PURPOSE --- AS WAS MY BOW! BUT WHY? TO BRST LOOK TO MY KNIFE, QUICKLY!



DRAWING HIS KNIFE, YOUNG FALCON FINDS IN HORROR---



THE BLADE IS USELESS! IT HAS BEEN BENT BEYOND REPAIR--! AND THIS NOTE--!

"SINCE YOU WILL NEVER RETURN ALIVE, I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'VE DONE THIS! ONCE, ALL SPOKE MY NAME AS THE GREATEST HUNTER! SOON, IT SHALL BE SO ONCE AGAIN, FOR YOU WILL BE NO MORE! I LEAVE YOU TO THE WOLVES---BUFFALO GRASS!"



IT IS PLAIN ENOUGH! HE HAS LEFT ME WITHOUT MEANS OF GETTING FOOD, WITHOUT WEAPONS TO DEFEND MYSELF FROM THE WOLVES! I HAVE ONLY TO GO ON AS LONG AS I CAN!

BUT AS NIGHT NEARS, YOUNG FALCON HALTS WEAK FROM HUNGER---

THEY GROW MORE BOLD! ONCE SURE THAT I CANNOT HURT THEM, THEY WILL ATTACK! THERE IS ONLY THE HILLS, AND THEY ARE THE HOME OF THE FIERCE MOUNTAIN LION---THE COUGAR!



YOUNG FALCON HEADS FROM ONE DEATH INTO ANOTHER, EVEN WORSE! BUT HE HURRIES INTO THE HILLS, THE WOLVES AT HIS HEELS, UNTIL ---



BUT WAIT---I'VE AN IDEA! IT'S A RISKY CHANCE, BUT IT'S ALL I HAVE! YES, INTO THE HILLS, TO THE LAIR OF THE COUGAR! THE WOLVES WILL FOLLOW! THEY SENSE I AM NEARLY THEIRS!



THERE---A COUGAR! K'S CAT'S EYES MISS NOTHING. HE HAS SEEN ME. NOW TO PLAY POSSUM! THIS WILL BE MY LAST RESTING PLACE IF ALL GOES NOT AS I HOPE!

FEIGNING DEATH, YOUNG FALCON COLLAPSES ON THE GROUND AND LIES STILL---



SUDDENLY--



SO, YOUNG FALCON SLIPS AWAY. HE SKIRTS THE FOREST AND, SOME DAYS LATER, ARRIVES BACK AT CAMP, AND---



Boys! Girls! Drink  
**"ROCKY" LANE'S**  
 favorite  
 malted milk...

**"ROCKY" LANE**  
 and Black Jack

Top action stars of  
 Republic Pictures.  
 See this world famous  
 Western team at your favorite movie.



and get this sensational  
**TRIPLE-ACTION**

**EXPLORER'S  
 SUN WATCH**

Only **20¢**

and 1 Carnation Malted Milk Label



ACTUAL SIZE  
 1½" diam.



**1 DAY AND NIGHT  
 SIGNALLING DEVICES**

For nighttime messages—amazing luminous plastic dial glows in dark after exposure to light. For daytime messages—use non-breakable mirror on back.



**1 SUN DIAL**

Gives correct time at a glance. Folding arm. Genuine gold-flashed brass case.



**2 COMPASS**

Perfect for hikes, camping trips. Accurate, dependable. Sealed in face of sun dial.



**I DRINK  
 CARNATION**

**TWO FLAVORS**  
 Chocolate and Natural  
 in thifty 1-lb. jars.



AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS with this remarkable triple-action Explorer's Sun Watch. Not a toy—but 3 real, scientifically designed instruments in 1! Be the first to own this sensational watch. Order today.

AND SAY, PARD'NER, take a tip from your pals "Rocky" Lane and Black Jack. "Rocky" says, "A Carnation Malt is a real he-man drink, chuck full of two-fisted energy and eatin' pleasure." Get Mom to give you Carnation Malts often. They're a cinch to make right at home anytime. Tell her to get a jar today—and be sure to send for your Explorer's Sun Watch at once.

**Mail this coupon TODAY!**

CARNATION MALTED MILK  
 P. O. Box 188, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ Explorer's Sun Watch(es). For each watch I enclose 20¢ and 1 Carnation Malted Milk Label. (Be sure to send label from front of jar.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print clearly)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Offer expires March 20, 1951 and is limited to U.S.A. only)

# GABBY HAYES

and The Saga of The BATTERING RAM

HI, SHEEPMAN!  
CAN YUH GIVE A PORE  
THIRSTY COWBOY  
A DRINK?

UGH! A  
COWBOY!  
PLUMB TURNS  
MY STOMACH!

WILLY WOOLLEY  
SHEEP RANCH

Willy Woolley aimed to drive the despised cowmen clear out of Rawhide County, but he didn't know that even the toughest sheepmen can't withstand Gabby Hayes when he's mounted on a **BATTERING RAM**!

HEY!

DRINK YORE  
FILL!  
HAW HAW!

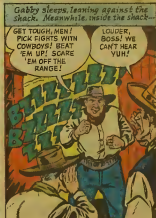
GET THIS  
STRAIGHT,  
COMPUNCHER--

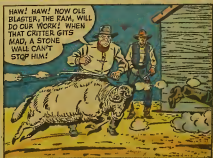
**SOCK!**

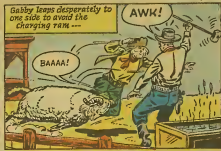
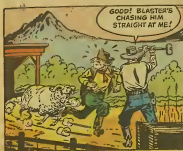
--THAR AINT ROOM  
ENOUGH ON ONE RANGE  
PER COWMAN AND ME!  
CLEAR OUT!

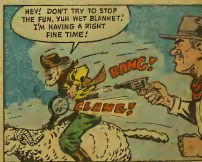
**WHUMP!**













With the ranch reduced to a shambles, Blaster finally gives up!

GOOD RIDE, FELLER! WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN SOMETIME!



HERE HE COMES! I RECKON HE'S THE TOUGHEST HOMBRE IN THE WORLD!

THIS IS THE END! HE'S GOING TO FINISH US OFF!



MANY THANKS, PARDS! WE'RE GOING TO BE RIGHT GOOD NEIGHBORS!

HUH?



A LITTLE EXCITEMENT AND PLINY WAST JUST WHAT I NEEDED! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP PEACEFUL!

AMAZING! HE WAS ONLY PLAYING!



COME OVER TO THE BAR NOTHING SOME TIME FER MORE FUN!



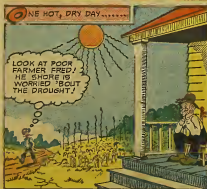
PACK YORE DUDS, MEN! WE'RE SHEDADOLING FROM THIS COUNTY, PRONTO!

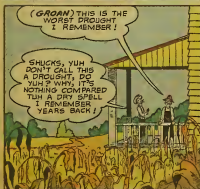
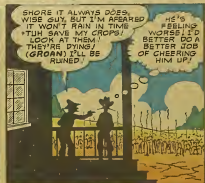
RIGHT! ANY RANGE WITH HOMBRES LIKE HIM IS TOO TOUGH FER US!

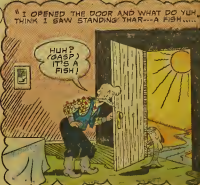
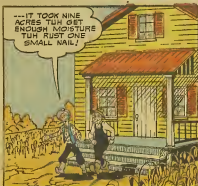


# WHITEY WHISKERS

HIS RAINING MOMENT



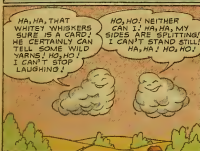




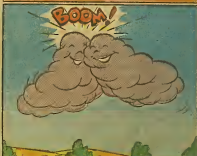




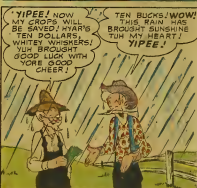
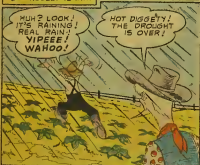
**B**UT THE FARMER ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO'S LAUGHING AT WHITEY WHISKERS' TALE! FOR HIGH IN THE HEAVENS .....



**T**HE HILARIOUS CLOUDS LAUGH SO MUCH, THEY ROLL INTO EACH OTHER .....



**W**HEN THE TWO CLOUDS COLLIDE, THE RESULT IS .....





# SPECIAL EDITION

## *A Buck Desmond Story*

*By Dick Kraus*

**I**T was mid-afternoon when Buck Desmond rode down out of the hills into the Nevada town of Comanche. The rambling cowboy took a good look around. The first thing he saw was a man being beaten up by three husky cowboys! The single hombre seemed to be doing all right, in spite of the odds, but a sudden blow from behind felled him . . . and the cowhands surged in to pound him with their boots.

Buck Desmond wrenched his bay gelding to a rearing stop, and threw himself from the saddle. "I don't mind a fair fight, but three pairs of high-heeled boots on one man's head is liable to do some damage!"

Moving swiftly, he caught one of the cowboys by the shoulder, half-turned him and clipped him on the jaw with a short right-hand punch that sent him reeling back, stunned. Almost in the same moment, Buck slammed a hard punch into the stomach of a second ranny, doubling him up in surprised pain. The third man grunted and came toward the rambling cowhand, fists flailing.

Gracefully, Buck sidestepped away from his clumsy attack, caught his arm and twisted sharply. Caught off balance, the man dropped to the ground heavily.

His jaw set, Buck faced the three men, fists still doubled at his side. "I don't know who you beef-eaters are," he said. "But if you want trouble, and you're set on working out on just one target, try me! I need the exercise!"

Sullenly, the three men rose and backed away! As they retreated down the street, one of them shouted angrily, "Your pot this time, stranger! But we'll be back tonight! Just remember that, Bishop! Your newspaper is through!"

As they limped out of sight, Buck turned to the man he had befriended, and helped him to his feet. "What was that all about?" Buck asked. "Those galoos seem to hate you worse than a prairie chicken hates a coyote! How come they beat up on you?"

The other man grinned painfully and rubbed his smudged face. Shaking Buck's hand, he replied, "Reckon the answer is above your head, Mister." He pointed up at a newspaper sign that hung overhead. "I'm Tom Bishop," he said, "editor of the *Comanche Argus*. It's the only paper hereabout, and I've been running a series against Sam Dawson. Those three caballeros work for Dawson and they had orders to peel my skin for me!"

"Hold on," Buck said. "You say you've been running a series fighting Sam Dawson. Who is he? And what's he been doing?"

"That's a long story," the newspaper editor said. "Come on into the *Argus* office, and I'll tell you about it." Together, Buck and Tom Bishop went into the newspaper shop, fragrant with printer's ink. The editor sat down. "It's like this," he went on. "Sam Dawson has been a big rancher around here for a couple of years. Lately word has come through that the railroad is planning to put a spur line through this section—either through Comanche or through Whitetop Pass, fifty miles north of here."

Bishop rubbed his jaw. "Dawson wants the land to sell to the railroad at a big profit, so he's been making it tough for the ranchers hereabouts. Stealing their cattle, cutting off their water, trampling down their fences. He's forced several men to sell out to him, and he's working on the others—and on me, because I've opposed him!"

Buck Desmond nodded. "I see," the rambling cowboy mused. "He figures the railroad is going through Comanche, and that's why he's fighting so hard to get this land. Hmmm . . ."

Suddenly Buck slapped his knee. "Bishop," he said, "I've got an idea. Those punchers said that they'd be back tonight. Let's trade on it and set up a special edition of the paper for them to read. And meanwhile, let's get word out to the ranchers hereabouts that if Dawson tries to sell their land back to them, they're

to buy it! Got that? If he tries to sell to them, they're to buy!"

Tom Bishop grinned. "I'm not sure what you're up to, stranger, but I sure like the way you talk. I'll set up the special edition as you say. And I'll send the message to the boys. Most of those who sold out to Dawson are still in town, waiting around."

It was late at night, and Buck Desmond and Tom Bishop crouched in the back of the *Argus* office. Peering through the dark at the plate glass front, Buck suddenly clutched at the editor's arm.

"Looks like Dawson's men are plumb about to break in," he husked. "Whatever happens, be quiet!"

Together they waited, as a metal bar forced its way through the door jamb. It grated heavily, and then the door swung open. There was a silence, and then three husky figures slipped in the door.

Dawson's thugs moved fast. As one of them held a sputtering candle high, the others sprinkled kerosene about the floor. One of them was about to touch a match to the reeking liquid, when the man with the candle, suddenly grabbed his arm. "Wait! Look at this paper lying on the press."

The three men huddled over the still damp printed sheet, and Buck and Tom Bishop could hear them muttering. "It's dated tomorrow! And look at that headline! We'd better bring this out to the boss! He'll want to read it, before everyone else hears about it! Let's show it to him before burning the office down. Let's git to the horses!"

The editor and the rambling cowboy waited tensely as the three men vanished through the front door. The sound of clattering hoofbeats was heard growing fainter in the night air!

"It worked," Tom Bishop triumphed, turning to Buck. "They fell for it. They'll take the message to Dawson!"

The next day a band of happy cowmen rode up to the newspaper office. Pound-

ing on the front door, they roared, "Open up, Tom! We want to talk to you and that rambling friend of yours."

The door was flung open, and Buck and Tom Bishop stood there. "What happened?" Buck asked. "Did Dawson make a bid to sell you back your land?"

"He sure did!" shouted one of the ranchers. "Visited each and every one of us, just at the crack of dawn. Said his health was giving out, and he wanted to sell his property, cheap. We bought back our land at a low price, and a couple of us who had enough mazuma bought his holdings, too. He's sold out completely. The last we saw of him, he and his rannies were heading north!"

Buck Desmond began to laugh!

"Hold on," said one of the men. "We want to know what happened. Here Dawson's trying every trick in the book to force us to sell our spreads to him, and then he suddenly sells out to us. How come?"

**B**UCK stopped laughing, and drew a folded newspaper from his pocket. "Here's your answer, boys," he said. "We had a special edition of the *Argus* printed up last night! Dawson's sidewinders had promised to pay a nocturnal visit to the office, and we left it for them to see. They read it, and showed it to him pronto! Read it for yourself!"

Eagerly, the ranchers crowded about. One man read it slowly aloud:

*Railroad announces it will send spur line through Whitetop Pass. Plans to start buying property next week. Land values due to soar!*

Buck slapped a lean hand against his thigh. "When Dawson saw that, he figured there'd still be time to get north and buy up Whitetop property. So he sold out to you and headed north! But I'm afraid he's due to a sad surprise. You see, gents," and here Buck began to laugh again, "I didn't come to Comanche by accident. I came in advance of a party of surveyors! The railroad is going to run the spur through Comanche!"

THE END

# GABBY HAYES

## and THE FOX HUNT!

TA-TA-TA-DADDA-TATA! ♪ ♪

THUNDERATION! MY EYES ARE GOING BAD! NO SANE HOMBRE WOULD WEAR SUCH SILLY DUDS OR BLOW HORNS LIKE CRAZY, AND USE A PACK OF HOUNDS--- ALL FER ONE MEAGLY LEETLE FOX!



YONKS!  
TALLYHO!

THEY EVEN TALK LOCO! BETTER LIVE LOW WITH THEM LOONETICKS ON THE PROWL! WHAT IN TARNATION IS THE OLE COW RANGE COMING TO?

THE DESPERATE FOX USES GABBY AS A STEPPING STONE---

HEY! SKEDADDLE, YUH PORE LEETLE VARMINT!



JUMPING JACKRABBIT! THE FOX LEFT HIS SCENT ON ME--AND NOW THE FOOL HOUNDS ARE AFTER ME!

(SNIFF!)  
GRRR!



OWWW! NOW I'VE GOT TO LEAD 'EM  
A CHASE THAT'LL WEAR OFF  
THEIR DINGBUSTED FEET!

GRRR!



OUCH! THIS OUGHT TO  
THROW 'EM OFF MY TRAIL!

Scratch!



NOPE! THE DADBURNED  
KILLERS ARE STILL AFTER ME!

YAP! YAP!



MEANWHILE---

IT'S AN AMAZINGLY ELUSIVE BEAST!  
ALL WE SEE IS AN OCCASIONAL  
GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING FURRY  
UP AHEAD!

DASH IT ALL!  
DON'T THOSE  
WESTERN FOLKS  
EVER TIRE?



THERE! I JUST GLIMPSED THAT FURRY  
TAIL! FUNNY, IT LOOKED LIKE A  
MAN'S WHISKERS!

BANG!



(PUFF!) THEY'RE CLOSING IN! I'M TOO  
WOORE OUT TO MOVE ANOTHER  
STEP! (WHEEZE!)



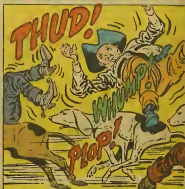
EXHAUSTED,  
GABBY  
STUMBLES  
BLINDLY  
INTO THE  
HIDE-OUT  
OF OUTLAW  
NEST  
FIGHT--

GASP!  
I'M A GONER!













WHEN BOTH HUNTERS AND OUTLAWS ARE GROSSY FROM THE BATTLE, GABBY TAKES OVER!



I'M TAKING YUH ALL TO RANWIDE! ALL THE OTHER HOSSES RAN AWAY, SO YORE GOING TO **WALK!** NOW START HIKING!



TEN WEARY MILES LATER...

THANKS FER ROUNDING UP THESE OUTLAWS, GABBY!

GOT ANY EXTRA HORSES TO TAKE THESE HUNTERS TO THEIR RANCH?



AW! I NEVER WANT TO SEE A RANCH AGAIN! LOOK WHAT THE WEST DID TO US!



WE'RE TAKING THE NEXT TRAIL BACK EAST, WHERE MEN HUNT LIKE GENTLEMEN!



I SHORE I'M GLAD THE RANGE WON'T BE RUINED BY THEM DUDES! I RECKON I OUTFOXED THE FOX HUNTERS AFTER ALL!





1¢



WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

FRANK E. FLEER CORP.  
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENN.

NOW ACHIEVED FOR  
THE FIRST TIME!

A HANDLEBAR THAT'S A PERFECT SHOCK ABSORBER  
GIVING A MOST COMFORTABLE, SAFE-FLOATING RIDE

## THE GAZDA SPRING HANDLEBARS

PATENTED ALL OVER THE WORLD



ALL SHOCKS ABSORBED  
UNBREAKABLE  
FITS ANY BICYCLE  
UNRENDABLE

The GAZDA Spring Handlebar for Bicycle—Motorcycle with its high quality steel spring element, is scientifically designed to eliminate all shocks and vibrations to the rider which even the most expen-

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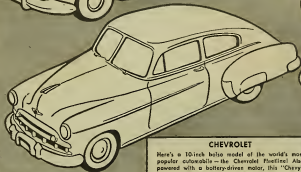
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